



## "SHAKESPEARE OF THE SLUMS"

Old Sam Starsandstripes Explains Matters About Decoration Day.

Like Belisarius of Ancient Rome He Reviews the Heroic Memories of the Patriotic Dead Who Nobly Fought and Died That the Nation Might Live.

"Shoulders His Crutch and Shows How Fields Were Won."

"You see, my boy, I lag behind, I'm growing very old. Just let me lean upon your arm, and hear an old man scold. Old Father Time has thinned my thatch and left it grizzly gray. But all the same I'll meet the boys on Decoration Day!"

"They call me a 'Back Number' now, I guess I've lost my grip. My old-time friends avoid me, as the rats desert a ship. I am a good 'Old Has Been' and I haven't far to go. But lend an ear and you shall hear how Hogan trimmed the foe."

"Have patience with an old recruit, bear with me for awhile. And spare me all your shallow slang, and drop that pitying smile. Sometimes I prattle like a fool; I know not what I say. That's when I hear those rumbling drums on Decoration Day."

"This old gaffer's kinder slouchy and he's somewhat out of place. You youngsters make the running now and set too swift a pace. But in these piping times of Peace, you front no frenzied foe. Just hark ye to the old man's tale of forty years ago!"

"Slow up a bit, don't walk so fast; you still have lots of time. I like to hear the children's songs, you belfry's aerial chime; I like to see 'Sam Starsandstripes' stalk by in soldier way. You see, they yield the old man place on Decoration Day."

"I like to see those striplings pass with supple, panther stride. Ah! youth has all the right to walk with careless, haughty pride. I like to see some pure-eyed girl strew flowers upon the dead. It seems to me it does 'em good and soothes their confined bed."

"Pull up a bit, for don't you see, my starboard leg is lame. 'Twas punctured by a boy in grey—confound his deadly aim! The Southern soldiers fought us well, though vanquished in the fray. Stanch Robert Lee and Stonewall kept us many a month at bay."

And when we clashed and grappled we shook the grassy plain. Our cannon forged the thunderbolt that brought the gory rain. The silvery sabers' sanguine sweep that bared the flashing steel. The neighing steeds, the headlong charge that made the foeman reel."

I took the field with Mulligan, the first to reach the front. We heard the coughing of the guns, the cannon's ugly grunt. On the green fields of Virginia, the Rangers laid him low. 'Oh, save the flag and let me be and charge again the foe!'"

I like to see Old Glory bare her beauty to the breeze; Facing in pride the lordly sun and trailing o'er the trees. I like to see you little lass strew flowers o'er each tomb. And dewy roses sigh their soul in rich and rare perfume."

The dead sleep sound beneath the turf, they have no grief or pain. They've reached the harbor port at last, through life's tempestuous rain. Across Fate's surging sea they've sailed, like pilgrims gaunt and gray. They've fought the fight, and kept the faith and conquered in the fray."

Of Mulligan's Brigade, my son, I guess I am the last. The sole leaf on an Irish oak, scoured by the wintry blast. The Irish soldiers fought full well, for they were built to stay. Their fierce delight was stubborn fight, the rapture of the fray."

'Neath alien skies our heroes sleep near Rappahannock's roar. Under the dark and bloody ground, their soldier bivouac o'er. And some lie snug in Calvary in sweet and dreamless rest. Like tired children who at night still seek the mother nest."

And pretty girls are strewing flowers upon each soldier's grave. The tribute blushing Beauty pays—that heroes only crave. Rosemary for remembrance, and rue for fond regret. Our heroes live in memory and we will not forget."

Old times, old friends, where are you now? This mist has blurred my eyes. Perhaps you are all mustered out beyond the sapphire skies; Perhaps you hold your camp fire and hear reveille blow. In some soft clime you conquer time and spurn the surly foe!"

Registry Division, Chicago Postoffice.

JAMES E. KINSELLA.

## WORTH REMEMBERING.

There are three entirely different kinds of ingredients used in making the three different varieties of baking powders on the market, viz:—(1) Mineral-Acid or Alum, (2) Bone-Acid or Phosphate, and (3) Cream of Tartar made from grapes. It is important, from the standpoint of health, to know something about these ingredients, and which kind is used in your baking powder.

(1) Mineral-Acid, or Alum, is made from a kind of clay. This is mixed with diluted oil of vitriol and from this solution a product is obtained which is alum. Alum is cheap; costs about two cents a pound, and baking powder made with this Mineral-Acid sells from 10 to 25c. a pound.

(2) Bone-Acid, or Phosphate, is the basis of phosphate baking powders and the process is fully described in the patents issued to a large manufacturer of a phosphate powder. The U. S. Patent Office Report gives a full and exact description, but the following extract is enough:

"Burned bones, after being ground, are put into freshly diluted oil of vitriol and with continual stirring and in the following proportion," etc.

From this Bone-Acid phosphate baking powders are made; such powders sell from 20 to 30 cents a pound.

(3) Cream of Tartar exists in all ripe grapes, and flows with the juice from the press in the manufacture of wine. After the wine is drawn off the tartar is scraped from the cask, boiled with water, and crystals of Cream of Tartar, white and very pure, separate and are collected. It differs in no respect from the form in which it originally existed in the grape. Cream of Tartar, then, while the most expensive, is the only ingredient that should be used in a baking powder to act upon the soda, as its wholesomeness is beyond question. Cream of Tartar baking powders sell at about 40 to 50 cents a pound.

Such are the facts, and every one, careful of the health of the family, should remember this rule:—Baking powders selling from 10 to 25 cents a pound are made of Mineral-Acids; those selling from 20 to 30 cents of Bone-Acid; and those from 40 to 50 cents of Cream of Tartar made from grapes.

### To Keep Cake Fresh.

I have found that fresh bread in slices about one inch thick (renewed when it gets dry), of bulk about half the cake to be kept "fresh," put in the tin with the cake causes the cake to remain "fresh."—C. D. Field in Scientific American.

### More Flexible and Lasting.

won't shake out or blow out; by using DeLancey Starch you obtain better results than possible with any other brand and one-third more for same money.

### Wanted Half a Spool.

A small boy asked the clerk for a spool of cotton. The boy had only 1 cent and the clerk informed him that 2 cents was the price for the cheapest cotton. "Can't you sell me half a spool?" asked the boy.

### Dangerous, Anyway.

It's dangerous not to notice a new dress your wife has, because she thinks you are not interested and it's dangerous to notice because it may be a new one you forgot to notice before.—New York Press.

## GRIP'S UGLY SEQUEL

KNEES STIFF, HANDS HELPLESS, RHEUMATISM NEAR HEART.

Mrs. Van Scoy Experiences Dangerous After-Effects from Grip and Learns Value of a Blood Remedy.

The grip leaves behind it weakened vital powers, thin blood, impaired digestion and over-sensitive nerves—a condition that makes the system an easy prey to pneumonia, bronchitis, rheumatism, nervous prostration, and even consumption.

The story told by scores of victims of the grip is substantially the same. One was tortured by terrible pains at the base of the skull; another was left tired, faint and in every way wretched from anemia or scantiness of blood; another had horrible headaches, was nervous and couldn't sleep; another was left with weak lungs, difficulty in breathing and acute neuralgia. In every case relief was sought in vain until the great blood-builder and nerve-tonic, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, was used. For quickness and thoroughness of action nothing is known that will approach it.

Mrs. Van Scoy makes a statement that supports this claim. She says: "I had a severe attack of grip and, before I had fully recovered, rheumatism set in and tormented me for three months. I was in a badly run-down state. Soon after it began I was so lame for a week that I could hardly walk. It kept growing steadily worse and at last I had to give up completely and for three weeks I was obliged to keep my bed. My knees were so stiff I couldn't bend them, and my hands were perfectly helpless. Then the pains began to threaten my heart and thoroughly alarmed me."

"While I was suffering in this way I chanced to run across a little book that told about the merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The statements in it impressed me and led me to buy a box. These pills proved the very thing I needed. Improvement set in as soon as I began to take them, and it was very marked by the time I had finished the first box. Four boxes made me a well woman."

Mrs. Laura M. Van Scoy lives at No. 20 Thorpe street, Danbury, Conn. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are equally well adapted for any other of the diseases that follow in the train of grip. They are sold by all druggists.

## Mistress Rosemary Allyn

By MILLICENT E. MANN

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### CHAPTER XX—Continued.

"Cease at once," I commanded. "Would you add insult to injury? What is your love to me?" "Have a care, Rosemary," he cried. "Do not drive a man to extremes. Quentin Waters has bewitched you with his dark foreign face—and he had grace, I will acknowledge; but am I altogether without charm? 'Leave, Oh, leave me,' I begged. 'I am wearied with you all.' I will molest you no more, if you will but promise to think of me," he pleaded. "Oh, Rosemary, listen to my love." He stretched out his arms to draw me to his breast. "I will intercede with Lord Felton; you shall not leave town if you care to stay—only love me a little."

"You listened," I cried; "I am finding out some of the characteristics of my cousin to-night—I hate you—and if Quentin Waters is dead, I shall be his bride in heaven." "So you said before to-night," he retorted. I saw that he was holding his temper in check. "You liked me well enough before this upstart came to town—you shall like—nay, more than like me again when time shall have healed the wound. Adieu, my coz; I hope you will find your sojourn in France to your taste." "Fairly well, if I do not see the face of my Cousin Raoul Dwight," I returned. "That you will have to put up with to some extent," he observed, "since Lord Felton has asked me to attend him." I had no words to say to this, and I motioned him from my presence.

"I have almost finished," at this point the lady said, and her voice broke like a harp that had but one string. "Here is the locket and the paper is inside of it. Tell Mister Waters, if you find him alive, what I have told you, since it is impossible for me to meet him. If dead, place it upon his breast and whisper to him that it has lain upon my heart all the time."

"She had ended and there were

I swear it. Imprison me, but let one so sweet go."

So time dragged on until at last I regained consciousness, only to repeat when asleep from sheer weakness, "She is innocent—innocent."

How wearying it was to him, poor Gil! those long hours in which I raved, for he blamed himself greatly that he had not waited until I was stronger before he had told me about the locket or given it to me, and also restrained himself when speaking of Lady Felton. I forgave him that, indeed I never referred to it, his humility was so sincere. I knew him well enough to know that he meant nothing, his bark was ever worse than his bite, witness what he did for "pretty Alice Lynson" and her daft mate. He sent them on to Bristol escorted by Torraine and Pat, when he had need of them both. He also paid their passage in a vessel soon to sail for the States, and heartened their trip with a well-filled purse.

"The house on Bow Street is closed, you say, Gil?" I asked, "and also Lady Felton's. You are sure the servants left in charge know nothing of their whereabouts?"

"As sure as I am that my mother's bones lie in St. Swithin's churchyard," he said grimly. "My lord," he added after a pause, "do you think you will be able to travel by the end of the week, so we can go to Long Haut?"

"There is no need to hasten now, Gil," I replied. "Lord Waters has been laid here to rest a week ago at least. I did not see his face, calm, I hope, in death; after his life's restless wave of turbulence may he sleep well. Ah! me! my errand into London as far as my father's message is concerned was of little avail. Lady Dwight has left town; God knows when I shall see her again!"

"Since she has waited so many years, a longer wait will not matter,"



"'Leave, oh, leave me,' I begged. 'I am weary with you all.'"

tears in her eyes as she gave the locket into my broad palm. Then she left me, nor would she let me see her home, saying that her maid awaited her at the corner. I took the precaution to follow her, however, and saw that she reached her home safely."

Gil had finished, and I saw that he was well satisfied with himself that he had done his task so well. He handed me the locket. I took it mechanically. My proud lady had done penance, indeed, in confessing all this to Gil, so that it should be repeated to me. I looked at the bare back, where the mirror had been—that could soon be fixed and then Rosemary should wear it among the frills of her gown whenever she chose. While idly fingering it, I pressed the spring, which was unopened. The thin gold flew out, and instinctively my hand opened to catch the paper as it fell. It clutched emptiness. Then I turned the locket this way and that, up and down, while I looked for what was not there.

### CHAPTER XXI.

We Leave London, Beset by the Plague.

"And you say you stitched the locket in your jerkin pocket," I repeated in a weak voice.

Gil replied, as he had many times before:

"Yes, and I never took off the jerkin either night or day, until I saw you." His deep voice trembled in his desire to render its tones soft, and he spoke as a person would humoring one who had passed through the shadow of death.

We had been going over the same thing again and again, for I made him repeat, not once, but many times, what Lady Felton had said to him when she delivered the locket into his hands, hoping thereby to find a clue to the missing paper. And each day after talking, for very weakness, I would fall asleep.

In the long hours of my delirium, so Gil told me, I talked and raved of nothing but Rosemary and the lost locket. Oft I started up after lying with wide open sightless eyes crying out: "She is innocent, I swear to God, she is innocent; look at her face; could deceit dwell there?" Again I was before the King crying out: "She is innocent, your Majesty,

said he with the patience of an older man.

"It matters much for my peace of mind," I returned. "If she should die—and she is not a young woman—without my father's message—let me not think of it," I cried petulantly.

"To the dead all things are known, they say," he said.

"I lingered too long over my own affairs," I continued. "My punishment is this: My lady mourns me dead, and I know not where she bides."

"You should thank God fasting that she is out of this pest-ridden place," Gil jerked out, seeing me so down in the mouth.

"What do you mean?" I quickly asked.

"The plague!" he replied.

"Ah! that is the reason for this exodus from town at the height of the season," I said.

"Forty more to-day, they tell me," he said carelessly. "St. Olaves' church yard begins to be full and they are dumping the bodies into the town ditch. But what is more to us, the fools think you have it and I cannot get one of them to come nigh the place."

"Is Mistress Nell Gwyn still in town?" I asked. "I must see her before we leave and find out what she knows regarding Lady Felton." "No," he replied, "she has gone to Richmond. And she knows little. I sent Torraine while you were yet unconscious to ask her where Lady Felton had gone. He found her on the eve of sailing. She told him that she had seen Lady Felton, and that, although fearful at her enforced departure and fearful of your fate, she yet held herself brave and ready for anything. She herself did not know where her father's destination was, but thought it might be France—perhaps a convent there, if she was not complaining concerning the marriage with her Cousin Raoul Dwight."

"God's blood!" I cried; "then to France I will go."

"As you will," he replied patiently. "But why not on the way stop at Long Haut?" Nostalgia was upon Gil and I will confess it, upon me also. Long Haut, where the tall flowers would be bending their heads before the strong breezes from the sea, where the Manor House covered with ivy would look like a picture.

"Yes, I replied, 'I would visit the

chapel at home and rest my eyes upon the spot where my father lies."

It took us no longer to leave London than it had Long Haut. But this time instead of the quick men, one was worn with vigils, and the other sick, whom all shunned for fear the plague had laid her clammy fingers on him.

We skirted the town, especially the plague-stricken spots in it. We heard the crier cry, "Bring out your dead," a gruesome sound. But more gruesome was the sight of his cart piled high with corpses on the way to dump them into St. Olaves' church yard.

Let us hasten out of that city of fearsome sights; grim with its horrors, putrid with its smells and hasten to the clean, pure atmosphere of Long Haut.

The only thing that enlivened us on the journey were the remarks upon the open country made by that cockney, Pat the linkman, who had never been outside of London.

We reached Long Haut in the evening. The sun setting in brilliancy—where were sunsets more brilliant than in that south country?—threw its light upon the windows of the huts, and the village looked aflame. How pleasantly the smells of the sea came to our nostrils, after the close breath of the town! How good its earthy smell! How good the smell of the hay in the fields!

We reached the hall and passed into the kitchen. Before the fire, crooning over it, sat old Nance, the same as ever, with perhaps a few more wrinkles added. She did not even start upon seeing us.

"I was but now dreaming you were here, dear lord," she said as she hobbled toward me.

I took her withered shape in my arms and gave her a sounding kiss upon her brown cheeks.

"'Tis half killed they have you in that pesky hole," she muttered. "Sit ye down while I see to your bed and give you something decent to eat," and she mothered me like I were a babe. I laughed for joy at being home again.

### CHAPTER XXII.

"Pray, How Comes Love?"

I was up early the next morning. Ah! as Gil said, there was nothing like this air fresh from the sea to put new life into one. At once I was strengthened. My blood ran quicker through my veins. All lassitude fell from me, and I longed to do outrageous things, even as a boy escaped from restraint might.

I left Gil snoring in his bed, sleeping the sleep a man feels he is entitled to after having spent days and nights of vigil with an exacting patient, now that he has brought him safe home.

I did justice to the bowl of porridge and home-brewed ale Nance set before me, and in spite of her protests that I was not strong enough went to the chapel. I looked about me. How still it was in that house of prayer and how familiar, save my father's seat draped in black and that newly-carved stone resting upon all that remained of him whose name I bore. Candles burned upon the altar, while through the stained memorial window the light softly fell. I thought of the dead resting beneath those flagstones—life has so much to give to some, so little to others—how would it be with me? I account every man responsible for what his life is—whether he make or mar it. But mostly I thought of the newly buried, and while I said a prayer for the peace of his soul, I vowed that never should my feet rest until I had found Lady Dwight and delivered my father's message. After that was done, I should seek the lady of my heart, and by all the laws of nature she should be mine, though all the world should say me nay.

I went down the bridge path and took the short cut through the woods, which led past Castle Drou—Castle Drou that in the distance and the gray mist of the early morn looked like a fairy's house.

(To be continued.)

### Bright Doggie.

M. M. Williams, of this place, has a very fine thoroughbred Fields water spaniel (imported) that is truly a wonder in his way, says the Titusville (Fla.) Star. He can do almost anything except talk, and is able to find a lost article on being sent for it by his acute sense of smell. An illustration was given a member of the Star staff, who witnessed an exhibition of his acuteness in this direction recently. Mr. Williams took from his vest pocket a good sized roll of bills, and, going away from his dog a distance of 150 yards, hid his money and returned. Upon being told to bring it back, the spaniel went straight and returned immediately to his master with the lost greenbacks intact, not a single bill missing. This fine specimen of canine intelligence recently recovered a very valuable and highly prized gold hunting case watch for Isaac Jenkins, a very heavy grain buyer of Jacksonville.

### Two Mottoes.

John Kendrick Bangs was invited to dine at the New York Yacht club, and of the event the Sun tells this story. The medallion and motto of the Yale club just across the street attracted Mr. Bangs' attention. "That's very nice," he said. "That gives an air to that building that attracts me, Lux et veritas. Why don't you yacht club chaps put a motto on your own door?"

"Possibly because we don't happen to have one," answered the host.

"Nonsense," said Mr. Bangs. "If the Yale club can use Lux et veritas, why can't you fellows use Ducks et demitasse? It's quite as appropriate."